

Engl. Theatre.
vol 87.



NEWMARKET;

O R,

The Humours of the Turf.



(Price One Shilling.)

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NEW MARKET

The History of the Town



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

(Price One Shilling)

NEWMARKET;

O R,

The Humours of the Turf.

As it was performed several Times,

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

By G. DOWNING, COMEDIAN.

Search round this little World, and there you'll find,
The greatest Jockies—jockey all Mankind.

THE SECOND EDITION.

COVENTRY:

Printed for the Author, by J. W. PIERCY.

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Pater-noster-Row, London.

M,DCC,LXXIV.

NEW MARKET;

O. R. O.

Dramatis Personæ.

Monfieur Parolles,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Sir Marmaduke Jofle,	Mr. PARSONS.
Tipperairy,	Mr. MOODY.
Capt. Rakeit,	Mr. DAVIES
Bullyboy,	Mr. KEENE.
Jack Riot,	Mr. WHEELER.
Sir Samuel Mortgage,	Mr. WALDRON.

Clara,	Mrs. MORLAND.
Miss Heartly,	Miss PLAT.
Jenny,	Mrs. DAVIES.

The SCENE, NEWMARKET.

TIME, Twelve Hours.



M.DCC.LXXV.

Humours of the Turf.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *A Garden.*

Enter Clara, O. P.

NOW that I am got so many miles from dear London, and safely arrived at Newmarket, the scene of action, it may not be amiss to reflect a little upon the occasion of my folly. My new ten days acquaintance, Miss Heartly, has pretty well convinc'd me, that my faithful swain, my precious, dying, honourable lover, Capt. Rakeit, has not only made proposals of marriage to her, but has absolutely press'd her to name the day of his happiness. Well, all this may be; but what most amazes me, is, the character she gives of him—a rake! a sot! a gamester! an hypocrite! a false friend! a dishonourable lover! O fie! fie!—I

B

hate

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hate him.—No, my passion but deceives me. If I had hated him, I shou'd never have stolen away from my father's house, in this elegant disguise, to follow so unworthy an object. That Miss Heartly shou'd so soon make a conquest of him, piques my pride: my fortune is as great as hers, as independant too—and then for charms—Oh captain! captain!—What have I follow'd thee for?—

Enter Miss Heartly, O. P.

Heartly. O, my dear innocent, I'll tell thee in a moment—for love.

Clara. Pretty well guess'd indeed, Miss Heartly. Now, pray answer my question as honestly, and tell me, why you accompanied me?

Heartly. For love—almighty love, child.

Clara. After what you told me concerning Capt. Rakeit, is it possible you can still love him?

Heartly. Why that's a hard question indeed, my dear—but I can't tell, yet—I don't know how it is—the man is certainly master of a sort of a *Je ne sais quoi*—I think I cou'd tame him.

Clara. I own 'tis not impossible; but the bird that has been us'd to liberty, ill brooks being coop'd in a cage.

Heartly. I shall never trouble my head about that, love; when I have cag'd him, he may flutter as much as he pleases; but I'll take care he shall never break the wires.—Tho' to be sincere, my dear, I think he's a bad man—yet we'll not be rash, but fairly try, and then pass sentence. You love him

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 3

him—(nay, never put on a look of denial) you do love him—so do I. Your maid's recommendation to his acquaintance, in the assum'd character of Lord Wilton, will search the inmost recesses of his soul, and tent him to the quick. In the mean time, you shall find me secretly, openly, and honestly, your friend.—No step shall be taken without our mutual agreement; and which ever may prove the object of his wishes, (provided we find him worthy the name of husband) shall, without breach of friendship, take him.

Clara. With all my heart, if we find him worthy.

Heartly. Ay, worthy, or unworthy, we must run the hazard—'tis for better or worse, you know. But here comes your faithful emissary, Jenny—his lordship, I shou'd have said.

Enter Jenny (as Lord Wilton) P. S.

Clara. Well, my dear Jenny, what news?

Jenny. Abundance, madam.

Heartly. Did you see the captain?

Jenny. Yes, madam; I did see him.

Clara. And what said he?

Jenny. Said, madam!—why he said—Didn't you think I staid long?

Clara. Indeed I did: but what said he, Jenny?

Jenny. Said, madam! But, why—Jenny?—My lord, if you please, I'll not bate an inch of my title.

Clara. Well, then; my lord—my Lord Wilton—What said the captain?

Heartly. Ay, ay, What said he? How look'd he? How did he receive you?

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Jenny. Why, madam, I'll answer all your demands in a breath, if my breath will give me leave to go thro' 'em. When I gave him your brother's letter last night, he perus'd it with a great deal of attention: then assur'd me, he had not the honour of being acquainted with the gentleman, or any of his family; yet, notwithstanding, thought himself bound to fulfil the contents of the epistle, and make my lordship, during my stay here, his peculiar care. He was engag'd in company, he said, and insisted upon mine. On promise of being allow'd to drink just as I pleas'd, I consented, and follow'd.

Heartly. There, there, Miss Clara—there's one proof of his modesty—to deny all knowledge of my brother, his friend—his intimate acquaintance—

Clara. But what company was he in? How did he behave?

Heartly. Like the villain we shall find him, no doubt.

Jenny. No, madam; you wrong him in this point—His company seem'd selected from the most refin'd: their mirth consisted of wit, pleasantry, and innocent freedom.

Heartly. Look ye there, miss; didn't I tell you he was an hypocrite.

Jenny. In short, madam, the only alteration I perceiv'd in him, was, that he appear'd less gay than usual.

Heartly. To be sure—My brother's letter brought him a little to reflection.

Jenny. In brief, ladies, he persisted in his in-
treaties

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 3

treaties of making his house, my home, till good manners oblig'd me to accept his offer—Nay, had he insisted on my taking part of his bed, he was so pressing, I don't know which way I cou'd have refus'd—but it's as well as it is, I believe—I see somebody coming this way, we must move further.

[*Exeunt, O. P.*]

S C E N E II. *A Chamber.*

Sir Marmaduke Jostle and Mortgage discovered seated. Sir Marmaduke in an arm chair, and wrapt in flannels. Servants attending.

Mort. Why truly, my old friend, I arriv'd last night, but it was very late, so was loath to disturb you—I'm very glad to see you, Sir Marmaduke Jostle, ifaith I am—the' indeed, I am sorry to see you in this condition.

Jost. Ay, Sir Samuel—decays of nature (*coughs*)—quite broke down—gout—phthific—rheumatism—food for the hounds, Sir Samuel. (*coughs*) But how are you, old acquaintance?

Mort. Why so, so, in body—but then in mind, my friend, something under par, ifaith I am.—Must turn over a new leaf,—ifaith I must,—must open a new book, Sir Marmaduke.

Jost. Ha! how! what!—Stand further off, you rascal—what are you list'ning at?—Oh, damn that twinge!—further off yet, you dog!—So, so, so,—ay, that's pretty well.—But I say—ha!—how—not broke up, are you?

Mort.

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Mort. No, no, quite the reverse—quite the reverse—ten thousand in bank—fifteen in old annuities, seventeen deep in Lord Hardy, seven good on the debtor side—besides private hands, insurances, and the south sea—Sum total, about sixty thousand pounds. Sixty thousand ifaith.

Jost. Upon my soul I'm glad on't—Sixty thousand!—why, you're well in, by the Lord Harry!—O damn it!—

Mort. What is the matter, Sir Marmaduke?

Jost. O zoons!—only let down in the back finews, that's all. Harkye, what are you so uneasy about?—If you've got o'the wrong side, I'll tell you how to hedge off.

Mort. No, no, horses are books I never figure in, mine's a home stroke.—Ah women, women, Sir Marmaduke, are the ruin of all mankind!

Jost. Troth so they are, but I've left 'em off—I never trouble my head about 'em now. I wou'd not give a glass of old hock, for a field full of 'em.

Mort. Nor I ifaith. But my daughter Clara, my only child—and a dutiful child she was, 'till my brother dy'd, and left her twelve thousand pounds. Since that, I have found out, that she's over head and ears in love with a rioting, rakehellly officer. Ifaith, I e'en tax'd madam home with it, and told her she shou'd never marry but by my consent. She immediately pack'd up her alls, and with her maid left my house privately.

Jost. And have you no scent of her?—Have you
bear

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 7

beat up the buffies, ha!—Once lay well in, and I warrant you soon come up with her.

Mort. Why, I imagine, she has took a ramble after her captain—And, I am inform'd, he is come to this part of the world—which indeed brought me hither. If I catch madam, I'll marry her with a vengeance.

Jost. So ho!—so ho!—I find her, in five hours, for five hundred, if she's here about—Let me alone man, I know ev'ry turning and winding—double ditch'd hedge, and five bar, for forty miles round. So ho—Dick! bid the groom saddle Dumplin directly. *(rises)* I'll soon be after her. *(falls into his chair)* O, damn that twinge!—O—zoons!—Where are you going now, you dog?

Dick. To bid the groom saddle Dumplin, sir.

Jost. Saddle the devil, you stupid dog—Don't you know I can't mount, you rascal?—There, there, there it runs—all down my leg—O zoons! my toe! my toe! my toe!—Give me a glass of hock, you rascal. *(drinks)* So, so—another, you villain. *(drinks)* There, there—pretty well—pretty well.—*(wipes his face)* Ah, Sir Samuel, this is not the first piece of sport I have lost through this damn'd gout.—Did not push at a scut, or turn up a brush, all last season.—Got the best stud in England, for all that, Sir Samuel.

Mort. I must beg pardon, sir, I forgot myself; how does your lady?

Jost. Why she's well enough, I believe—she's thrown out tho'—took a flying leap into t'other world, that's all.

Mort.

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Mort. And your son, sir, how does he, pray?

Jost. Spoil'd, quite spoil'd.---You must know my wife's death intitled him to seven hundred a year---has never been worth two-pence since. The fellow's turn'd fool---was very well once tho'---Wou'd stop at nothing---hedge, stile, or gate, was all one to him; but now, good for no earthly thing: pores over a parcel of damn'd books, never looks at a hedge, and wou'dn't ride a mile after the finest hounds in England.---I keep the best pack in the county myself---Gave five guineas for a bitch yesterday---Didn't I, Dick?

Dick. Yes, please your honour.

Jost. Give me a glass of hock, Dick. (*coughs, and then drinks*) Pure easy now, Sir Samuel.

Mort. I'm glad of it, sir.

Jost. What was I talking about---hey Dick?

Dick. About your honour's liver colour'd bitch.

Jost. O ay---right, right---She came out of Ned Dung's brown bitch, and was got by---No, damn it, I was talking about my own puppy.---What d'ye think, Sir Samuel---The rascal's turn'd soldier, and was in Germany two years, popping at a parcel of cowardly, half rotten Frenchmen---A great deal of courage in that, Sir Samuel, hey!---Damn it, what say you to a match, between your daughter and him?

Mort. Nothing cou'd be more agreeable to me, sir; for I find myself in a decline, a sort of blank leaf in life: I would fain settle my affairs, and see a little one of my daughter's, to divert my old age.

Jost.

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Josh. If it's a boy tho', I'll breed him my own way; he shall be none of your wisby washy milk-fops---No; nor none of your military popguns---I'll make him a buck, a blood---one of us, old boy---He shall calculate the odds, before he can prattle, and take a hedge as soon as he can stride. (*coughs*) O curse it---that fit had almost choak'd me.---Some hock, firrah!---See how the rascal stirs!---Some hock, some hock, you dog! (*drinks*) Yes---yes---let me alone, Sir Samuel---I'll take care of his education.

Mort. Well, sir, nothing then remains but that we settle the conditions.---Clara, on the day of marriage, shall have half my wealth, and the whole when I die.

Josh. And I'll settle half my estate on my son, and the remainder when I die. Now, your hand---there, it's a match---play or pay, mind. (*coughs*) O zoons, zoons!---so, so---If I outlive my son, I'll settle all on his children.

Enter John, O. P.

John. Tom Wilson has sent to let your honour know as how your honour's black-breasted ginger is going to be pitted.

Josh. O damn it! up with me, ye dogs! up with me! I would not miss this battle for a million: come along, Sir Samuel, I'll shew you sport. I fight for an hundred, you shall go fifty if you will.

[*Is carried off, Mort. follows, O. P.*

C

SCENE

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SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter Tipperary and Parolles, P. S.

Tip. Well, my dare, and how do you like this English diversion?

Par. O, begar, it be vera cruelle. Diversion! vere be de diversion to see two littel coque of de game, beata von anoder till dey be deat?—If I vas de littel coque, I voud sava my life.

Tip. Arrah, my dare, now, how wou'd you shave your life, after you was dead?

Par. O, begar, monsieur, I voud ron away.

Tip. Yes joy, that is the French way of fighting ---but they wou'd bodder you finely, if you were to fight so in England, or Ireland either.---But O, my dear creature, what were they after doing to you, just as I went into the cock-pit?

Par. Vat, you no see dat; oh, dat vas vera pretty. De Englise be vera uncivil to de stranger.

Tip. Och, upon my shoul, my dare, I know that ---but it's not their fault.---For if they'd been born in Ireland, joy, they'd been as civil as no body at all! But tell us, my dare, what's become of your eye, will you?

Par. De tout mon cœur, monsieur, vid all mine art. Me vill tell a you.---I con don from Londre to dis place, to cut a de hair for de lady; to dressa de vig for de gentlemens. I pring don, in my littel box, de grey poudre, de scented pomate, de several

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 11

veral sorte of essence, and many oder littel curiosites. But, bove all, I bring don my curious new invention, vish I call, Conserve of Nocotiana.

Tip. Hihcackiana! Upon my shoul, my dare, you may call it fat you please, but a rotten apple's better.

Par. Petter! Før vat?

Tip. For your lame eye, my dare.

Par. Vat! you tink me intend pomate and poudre mine eye? Non, non, monsieur, dey be to sell to de gentlemens and to de lady---but my conserve---

Tip. The devil fire you, joy; I tell you it can't serve, and will do you no service at all.

Par. O mon ami, you do mistake: vat is mine eye to my conserve?

Tip. I tell you, honey, nothing can serve so well as an apple poultice made of burgomy pears.

Par. Vas ever any ting like dis! You vill no onderstand!—you vill no letta me speak!

Tip. Why, I understand you without any speaking at all.

Par. Dat, dat is no de ting---my new invention -- my Necotiana---

Tip. Vel, fat is that Nicackiana?

Par. Vat is it?—Je vous direz, monsieur—I vill tella you—De Englise gentlemens of qualite, loase to imitate the vulgaire in ev'ry ting---Dey tella de lie, dey ride a de race, dey drive a de coash, dey trink a de beer, dey fight a de coque, dey beat a de man, dey shaw de tobac---

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Tip. Yes, my dare, I love a chaw of tobacco myself.

Par. You vill no hear var I shall zay. De Englife enfans de qualite, loafe a de shaw of de tobac, 'cause dey tink it look so like a de brave, bold a man. But den dey no loafe a de taste. Now, fair, my invention is to teach a dem dis Englife politeffe. ---Eoutez mon ami---Me buy mine tobac.

Tip. So do I, my dare; I always buy mine by begging it.

Par. Dis is interruption---Me buy mine tobac---me boila mine tobac---Me take a all de stengt out of mine tobac; den me put de vera vine sugar, de lemon, de essence, and severel oder tings mongst mine tobac; by vish means (en temps) de littel shild of tree years old, vill loafe a mine tobac---my Necotiana.

Tip. Well, whether you loaf your tobacco, or make it into rolls, does not signify three chaws. But you was going to tell me about your eye.

Par. O—mine eye!—Begar, me had forgot a mine eye; but I vill tell a you de whole affair—Ven I con to mine inn, me zay to my lanlors (a vera good sort of gentleman, my lanlors): Monsieur, me zay, vat time vill you beginna your race of de horse? vor me loafe a de race: he zay, my lors marquis (he take a me vor von marquis) two, tree hour after the coquain be over—Vill your lorship no go to de coquain?—Me dit que ouy—Zo me leaf a my monies at mine inn, vor veare dey shou'd

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shou'd pick a my pockite, ven I go into de place---

Vat you call de name of your late grande ministere?

Tip. Pitt, joy.

Par. Yes, yes, de pit, vere dey fight a de coque
—Dere vas von great pig fat gentlemans, fat puff
and blow—blow and puff—comme ça—Von coque
tomble don and lay dere kick a de kick—De fat
gentlemans call out so loud—Ten pounds to one
cron—Me zay, don sair, don—Me lose—He de-
mand de moneys—Me zay, vid vera great politesse
—Sair, you stay here von moment—me go to mine
inn—me pring a you de l'argent. He den call out,
Vat you mean, you rascal; to sheat a me---to lay de
vager, vidout de moneys? Dere vas anoder littel
tiney gentlemans, vid tin black face, avec de star
here, and de ruband, comme ça—he zay, Vat you
con here vidout de rhino! vidout de cole! vidout
de colonel!—Gentlemens, silence! silence! here be
von French rascal --- von villain con here to sheat
our nation—Den dey all roar out ten hondred
tousand oats---tamma dis---tamma dat—Up vid
him---up vid him---Den dey put me into von basket
---den dey take hold of de corde---den dey jompa
me up to de top of de house---den dey tomble me
to de bottom of de house—Den dey tomble and
jompa---jompa and tomble me bout---till von oder
gentleman put a de ten pound coque into de bas-
ket vid me. Me take a hold of de poor littel ting,
for fear dey shou'd jompa him. Begar, he pricka
mine hand vid his pins---he pricka mine legs---till
we bote tomble out pon de ground.—Den dey
all

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all laugh---den dey swear---den dey cry out, Ten pound to von, de French coque vin.---Den dey give a me de black eye---and den dey kicka my breeches out of de room.

Tip. Upon my shoul, now, that was very great uncivility: but as I never saw you before, and as you are my very good friend and acquaintance, open your lips---I'll give you some wholesome advice, joy, and tell you how you may hedge it off genteely. Go there again to-morrow, my dare, and lay the big fat gentleman ten pounds to one; and when he has lost, upon my shoul we'll basket *him*, in one of the cock bags.

Par. Vat! I go dere agen! non, non, monsieur, I vill no go dere pon my vard---Vat! I go dere---I lay ten pounds to von---

Enter Bullyboy, O. P.

Bull. Done, done, to you; and I'll take it as often as you will, damme.

Par. Ecoutez, écoutez, monsieur? (*to Tip.*) Vill you put de gentleman in de basket?

Tip. Upon my shoul, I'll put you both in the basket, for a snap of my finger.

Bull. Well, what say you? is it done---hey, mon-chair?

Tip. Upon my shoul, now, it has been done above an hour.

Bull. What's done! what's been done above an hour, hey?

Tip. Why, the basketing, my dare.

Bull.

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 15

Bull. Hey! what! Oh, damme, I'm off—this is the sneaking son of a whore that had no money in his pocket.

Tip. What avails that, now; why he has got goods, and merchandize, and outlandish ladies commodities, which are all the same, you know: Then he has negoro ten of ye, and powder, and loaves of tobacco——

Par. Ouy, monsieur, at your service.

Bull. Damn the scoundrel, what, does he take me for a tobacconist? I'll teach you better manners, ye dog!—Strip, strip, you rascal!—I'll teach you to affront a gentleman. (*strips.*)

Tip. Harkye, my dare life, (*to Bull.*) let me desire you to be after putting on your cloaths again, for I have a little *shelalah* here, that never was sworn to keep the peate, and does not love to be over-quiet with a friend, when business is to be done.

Bull. (*putting on his cloaths*) What d'ye think I can't lick such a sneaking hottentot as that——I'll box him with one hand for fifty pound, and I'll say done first.

Tip. But, my dare shoul, how can you say done first, when the battle is not begun yet? Och, how foolish that is!

Bull. (*strips.*) Foolish! damme, d'ye know who I am?

Tip. Not I, by my shoul, honey; but I believe you're an Irishman, only you'd the misfortune of being born in England.

Bull. No, no—No bogtrotter—I'd have you to know,

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know, that I have better blood in my veins—No, no, not so bad as that comes to. (*puts on his cloaths*) No, no—I'm son and heir to lord Pandour—What d'ye say to me now, hey?

Tip. Why, I say, joy, I have as much blood in my veins as you, and am son and heir to nobody—What d'ye say to *me*, now?

Bull. Why, I say, you're an impudent, impertinent, Irish scoundrel; and I'll lick you both, one down, t'other come on.

Tip. Heh!--upon my shoul now, and that will be pretty diversion enough! so I'll give the preference to my French friend here, because he's a stranger, and let him begin first; and when he's down, the devil fire me, but you shall see me come on—Come, come, little tobacco merchant, begin.

Bull. *pulls off his cloaths.*

Par. Non, non, monsieur, you be de greatest stranger—I onderstand de civilite due to de stranger—you sal begin first.

Tip. No, honey, I understand shivility too—You shall begin first.

Par. Oh, que non monsieur, I consider your qualite—you be de gentillehomme—I but de marchand; you must begin.

Bull. Here are a couple of pretty scoundrels, afraid of a knock of the jaws!—Why, you sneaking son of a whore, I won't spoil your pretty face, but, take that. (*kicks monsieur.*)

Par. Serviteur Monsieur, dat be vera pleasant! ha! ha! ha!

Bull.

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Bull. And for you, old potatoe-merchant, I'll wring your nose off your face; you shan't have a nostril left to smell out your own country bogs, you cowardly rascallion. (*putting on his cloaths and going*)

Tip. Hark ye!--don't be in such haste--you Mr. my lord's son and heir--you and I, my jewel, must have a little talk about those cowardly country bogs. So you may chuse a stick, or a sword, or a pistol, or a fist, or what you will, my dare, by way of satisfaction-----

Bull. Holla! holla! Jack Riot! Dick Wildfire! --Damme, but I'll trim ye. (*strips*) I'll give ye a belly full--I'll 'noint thee-----

Enter Riot and Wildfire, O. P.

Riot. What the devil's the matter here?

Tip. (*stripping*) Nothing at all, my dears; only here's a shivil lord's gentleman going to fight about my nose, and you two shall be one of his seconds.

Riot. Zoons, man! we'll have no quarrelling--Come, come, put on your cloaths, we'll have no quarrelling.

Tip. Now look ye, honeys; to shew I'm peaceable in my quarrels, I'll either beat him, or let it alone, just as the good company thinks fit.

Riot. Oh, let it alone, by all means.

Tip. With all my heart, my dear. (*puts on his cloaths*) I'm as easy as a tight boot, or an old shoe.

Riot. (*aside*) 'Blood, Bully, put on your cloaths,

D

my

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my buck!—On with your cloaths! (*Bull. puts 'em on.*) Damme, I thought you had more sense!—Don't you smoak 'em? one's a French barber, and t'other an Irish taylor—We'll have such fun by and by. (*to Tip.*) Sir, I beg pardon; I once had the honour of seeing you in Dublin: I think, your name, if I mistake not, is 'Squire——

Tip. Tipperairy, my jewel; and ever your engaging friend and humble servant.

Riot. Dear friend, I'm heartily glad to see you; I hope, for my sake, you'll lay aside all little animosities, and favour us with your company at dinner to-day: your friend there shall be welcome too on your account—Who is he?

Tip. My dear, he is a man of great fortune, and a great merchant; and deals in hair, and powder, and pomatum, and tobacco, and all those affairs.

Riot. I'll speak to him—Sir, I understand, by my friend, 'Squire Tipperairy, that you have the honour of being a Frenchman: France is the country I adore; and out of respect to that, as well as to your person and gentleman-like appearance, must beg the favour of your company to a dinner to-day, which I believe is now on the table.

Par. Sair, you giva me beaucoup de plaisir, in your kind invitation.

Bull. Hip, Jack! have you laid any plot?—any high fun, hey?

Riot. Ay, ay, fun enough: make it up with 'em, and I'll manage the rest.

Bull.

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Bull. Gentlemen, I'm sorry any misunderstanding should happen between us; but, since every thing is settled amicably, we'll not stand complimenting, but go to dinner; drink a chearful glass, away to the turf, and, when we return, we'll drown care, and send our troubles to the devil.—Hark, forward—

[*Exeunt Bull. and Riot, O. P.*

Tip. Now, upon my shalvation, monsieur, there can be no harm in going to the devil with such shivil well-bred gentlemen, so come along, honey.

[*Exeunt, O. P.*

End of the First ACT.

D 2

ACT

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A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A Chamber.*

Pen, Ink, Paper, and a Screen on.

Enter Clara and Jenny, P. S.

Clara. I Ndeed and indeed, Jenny, now it comes to the trial, my little heart flutters strangely! If the captain should happen to see my face, I shall be discover'd by my confusion, and betray myself by my blushes.—I long, yet dread, to hear his real thoughts of me.

Jenny Madam, why so? If he proves a villain, discover yourself; fly at him, and tear his eyes out; make his fine face, pay for his false heart.

Clara. No, Jenny; if I find him false, I'll be reveng'd on his whole sex, and die a virgin. But what must I do with Miss Heartly? you know I'm bound by promise to let her partake of our interview.

Jenny. O, madam, she's took pretty good care of that herself: she's now in the next room; and, as soon as our conversation grows interesting, will conceal herself behind that screen: and, I fancy, from the impetuosity of her temper, if *she* should prove the forsaken damsel, she'll take some nobler revenge,

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 21

revenge, than dying a virgin—But soft, here comes your captain.

Enter Captain, P. 8.

My dear captain, I hope you have not been so complaisant as to let my wishes put any restraint on your pleasures:—after the sport had been over wou'd have serv'd my turn.

Capt. I assure you, my lord, racing is a diversion I am not over fond of; consequently shall strain no great compliment in saying, I give the preference to your lordship's conversation.

Jenny. You're particularly obliging, captain—but I flatter myself you are sincere in what you say; therefore, without further ceremony, will accept the favour of your company: you'll be kind enough to excuse the presence of my servant, as he must write some letters of consequence for me, to go by to-night's post; and I should chuse to have him near me, that I may give him instructions.

Capt. I beg your lordship would make no apology.

Jenny. Come sit, captain. *(they sit)* Heigh ho! I shall be but dull company, I'm cursedly out of spirits to-day. *(Yawning)*

Capt. Thinking of a mistress, perhaps!

Jenny. A mistress! no faith, it's worse than that—I'm thinking of two.

Capt. Two! O rare! You men of gallantry, like to be doubly arm'd. But is it possible you can be in love with both?

Jenny.

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Jenny. In love! No:—curse catch me, if ever I'm concern'd in that mystery. But the truth is, captain, a few thousands would be no discredit to my title, nor the least inconveniency to my estate. Now you must know, that two old fellows, who got their money by knavery in the city, are so overfond of having it spent in insincerity at the court, that each has offered me a large premium to take his daughter out of the noise of Bow bell. Now you know the occasion of my dullness, captain.

Capt. I think your lordship shou'd rather be inspired with vivacity. But pray have you yet fix'd upon the happy lady?

Jenny. Not I, upon my soul,—I never saw either of 'em——But as I have no particular attachments to any of the sex, and am of no very wavering disposition, I think I may, with an agreeable woman, pass my life very comfortably.——Will you oblige me with your opinion, captain?

Capt. I assure you, my lord, I have so high a sense of your politeness and understanding, that I cannot make the least doubt of happiness for the lady; and if she is blest with sense and good nature, the same comforts will certainly be doubl'd on your lordship.

Clara. (aside) Sure that tongue can ne'er be hung with falshood!

Jenny. Captain, I thank you for your advice, which I will immediately follow.——George, write to the knight—tell him how much I'm oblig'd by the honour he propos'd to me—that nothing cou'd be

The HUMOURS of the TURF 23

be more agreeable to my inclination—that I shall be in town in a few days, when I hope to receive his fair daughter from his own hands—Begin George—you know how to word it. But if instead of increasing my happiness, I shou'd lose——'Tis a great hazard, captain.

Capt. I can't think so, my lord—tho' you may not immediately possess the lady's heart, your person and merit will soon gain an ascendancy over her affections; and I don't know, my lord, but that kind of esteem may be more binding, than the strong excesses of an ardent and over violent passion.

Jenny. Then you really advise me to marry?

Capt. I do, from the bottom of my soul.

Jenny. Then I'll take your advice—I'm determin'd now, and the devil himself sha'n't alter my resolution.

Enter Miss Heartly, to the Screen. O. P.

Heartly. Now I fancy matters will soon be set to rights. (*aside*) If my glass don't fib, I know somebody's heart will ach for't.

Clara. 'Tis done, my lord; how must I direct it?

Jenny. Why, you have the knight's letter.

Clara. Your lordship has it in your waistcoat pocket.

Jenny. Have I? Let me see—let me see—O here it is—'Tis as long as a super-cargo's account of an Indiaman—Ha! ha! ha! the old fellow gives me a description of his girl—where is it? Oh! (*reads*) “ My daughter Clara is twenty years of
“ age,

24 *The HUMOURS of the TURF*

"age, is what the world calls handsome, has twelve thousand pounds to her fortune, which on the day of marriage I shall make up forty." Ha! ha! ha! Forty thousand pounds, d'ye hear that, captain?

Capt. Clara, do you say?

Jenny. Ay, Clara. (*putting up the letter.*)

Clara. You forgot the direction, my lord—

Capt. Sure it is not *my* Clara he means! (*aside.*)

(*Jenny pulls out the letter, and reads.*) Here it is—"To Sir Samuel Mortgage, in Throgmorton-street, London."

Capt. Damnation!—My mistress! Curse on my tongue---what a piece of work have I made of it! (*aside.*)

Clara. How my heart pants! (*aside.*)

Jenny. Come, captain, toast my Clara, and give me joy.

Capt. Clara!—toast Clara, my lord! No, you must pardon me.

Jenny. Pardon you---pr'ythee, why man?

Capt. Because you don't know her, my lord---I shall go distracted. (*aside.*)

Jenny. It shall go cursed hard but I will know her: ay, and make her know me---if the devil step not between.

Clara. I see his generous, tender, fond confusion. I see he loves me. (*aside.*)

Heartly. Now he's silently rejoicing that he has got rid of her. Ah, Clara! Clara! I knew how 'twou'd turn out. (*aside.*)

Jenny.

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 25

Jenny. Come, captain, to my dear Clara! (*fills and drinks*) Nay, as I marry by your advice, you shall do me justice.

Capt. My lord, she's not so handsome as you may perhaps imagine, I have seen her.

Heartly. Yes, yes, I've seen her too—I knew where 'twou'd end. (*aside.*)

Jenny. (*looking at the letter*) Not handsome! ha! ha! ha! O fie, captain. Look here, here, captain, "which on the day of marriage I shall make up forty thousand pounds."

Capt. I don't speak altogether of beauty, or fortune; but her temper, my lord. Did your lordship never hear——

Jenny. Come, come, captain, off with your glass.

Capt. I say, did your lordship never hear her character?

Jenny. (*reads*) "Which on the day of marriage I shall make up forty thousand pounds." Oh! captain, she's a lovely creature!

Heartly. A lovely creature! No, no,—there are lovelier than she in the captain's eyes, and sure he ought to be a judge. (*aside.*)

Capt. How shall I turn his resolution? (*aside*) I'm sorry, my lord——

Jenny. Ay, so am I, since you have so thoroughly convinc'd me of the happiness attending a married life, I'm sorry I defer'd it so long—Come, captain, you shall go with me; we'll drive up to London to-morrow morning, you shall stand father, and give her away.

E

Heartly!

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Heartly. Ay, that he'll do with all his soul, I'll be bound for him. I see plainly which way his wishes bend. Oh, captain! captain!—Oh! he's a dear, faithful, charming, constant man. (*aside*)

Jenny. My dear captain, you seem thoughtful—Come, come, take a glass, man, and cheer up—I'll provide a match for you too, and one wedding supper shall serve both—nay, never be cast down—I'll speak to the old curmudgeon, and Miss *Heartly* shall be yours; I hear she's a fine girl, and has a noble fortune.

Capt. Miss *Heartly*—who is she, my lord?

Jenny. Oh, the other young lady that was offer'd to me.

Capt. And is it possible your lordship can refuse her?

Jenny. Why, do you know her, captain?

Capt. Know her? ay, my lord, she's an angel.

Heartly. There, there—I knew how 'twon'd prove in the end. (*aside.*)

Capt. My lord, she's the admiration of the whole world. She has beauty without art, virtue without affectation, wit without ill-nature, and judgment without—O, my lord, she's a sweet creature!

Clara. Oh, heavens! then he is false, and I am miserable. (*aside.*)

Heartly. Upon my word, Miss *Clara*, you're in a pretty situation—The conceited thing!—to imagine a man of the captain's sense and judgment cou'd ever fancy her—Oh! I shall so mortify her! (*aside.*)

Capt.

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 27

Capt. Come, come, your lordship shall think no more of Clara, but take my advice, and sign and seal for Miss Heartly.

Jenny. Pardon me, captain, I see which way your passion bends, and will do you all the service in my power—I'm determin'd to stick to Clara—so shall be no bar to your happiness.

Capt. I can't bear this! I shall run distracted! (*aside*)
Heartly. Poor captain! how uneasy he is about me! how violent his love is! I'll not keep him much longer in pain, but discover myself, and reward his constancy, by running into his arms. (*aside.*)

Capt. Since I find you have fix'd your thoughts on Clara, I must deal openly with your lordship, and tell you, I'm engag'd already—

Jenny. To Miss Heartly! Take her, captain, take her.

Capt. The devil take her, my lord, for me.

Heartly. Ha! how! what? (*aside.*)

Jenny. Fie, captain! She has beauty without art, virtue without affectation, and wit without ill-nature—Oh, captain, she's a sweet creature!

Capt. No, my lord, I have but disguis'd my passion, and must now confess the truth—Clara is the sovereign of my soul, and he who robs me of her, must first deprive me of my life.

Jenny. Why, captain, you're a roving lover I find! where's the regard you just now shew'd for Miss Heartly?

Capt. Miss Heartly! If I spoke of her with regard, my false tongue bely'd my heart—Miss Heartly! I know her not.
Heartly.

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Heartly. (*coming forward*) O villain! monster! perjur'd wretch! not know me, traitor!

Jenny. Upon my honour, miss, you've gain'd a noble conquest here; ha! ha! ha!

Heartly. Ha! I'm amaz'd! this is not the gentleman I meant.—I find there is another officer of the same name, who has occasion'd this mistake.—Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons for all the uneasiness I have occasion'd you. Clara, my dear girl, I'll be your rival no longer; you may throw off your fool's frock now, and wear your lover's livery, if you will, for I resign all right and title.

[*Exit, O. P.*

Capt. Clara! Is't possible? my dearest angel, ease my soul, and tell me what all this means? (*goes to her*)

Clara. It means—that you are true, and I am happy.

Enter John, P. S.

John. Sir, sir, somebody has told your father, as how you're going to run away with two young women in boy's cloaths; and he, and another old gentleman, are coming here to look for you.

Capt. What old gentleman? what's his name?

John. I don't know, sir; but they call him Sir Something Mortgage.

Clara. Oh, heavens, my father! Now we're undone!

Capt. No, my dear, I'll contrive some means to escape their search—Retire with me, my life; this room is too public. John, run back to my father; observe

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 29

observe every word and motion, and let me know what they intend. Come, my life, if you'll consent, the world shall never part us. [Exe. P. S.]

SCENE II. *A Wash-House.*

Enter Monsieur Parrolles, drunk, O. P.

Par. O, begar, me did never see such gentlemens in my life! Dere dey sit drinka, drinka! O dere, my head ron away dat side, my legs go slippite slip; dere, dere, my head go vay toder side! O me be very sick! I vish me had de candle, it is so dark, me sal tumble don. I believe dere is something in my prain: O mon Dieu! now dis whole room ron ronda, ronda! Begar, me vill shita don here. (*sits*) Dere de room go ronda, ronda! Ah, mon pauvre tete! --- Non, non, monsieur---Je ne peu pas. (*lies down*) Inteed I canno: no, gentlemens, no more; me can drinka no more; non---non---non---

[*Falls asleep.*]

Enter Bullyboy, Riot, Wildfire, and Clover, with a candle, O. P.

Bull. So, good night, mounchair. Hark ye, Jack Riot; let's tofs the snivelling son of a whore in a blanket.

Riot. No, no; damme, let's horsepond the scented son of a tobacco-stopper.

Wildfire. Rip him up, and I'll hunt his trale with you to-morrow for a hundred.

Riot. Done, done, for a thousand!

All.

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All. No bet, no bet; let's have some fun.

Bull. Ay, ay, some fun, some fun. I'll tell you what; I saw a coffin at the carpenter's just by--- fetch it, and we'll bury him.

All. Ay, ay, fetch it, fetch it.

[*Exeunt Wildfire and Clover, P. S.*

Bull. Holla, Jack! here's a gown and petticoat hanging up, they'll serve the Frenchman for a shroud. Come, come, off with his coat---so, so; zoons! lend a hand, Jack! (*dress him in women's cloaths*) Why you cut a pretty figure, mounchair. Search his pockets, Jack. Hey! what the devil's here! a box of powder! Oh, stand away, stand away---a ghost should be white, you know. Hey, Jack!--- (*powders his face*) Let's see what's in t'other pocket---Here's a rascal, can't be content with cramming his herring-gut, but must pocket our provisions! Why, here's enough to make soup-maigre for a whole regiment of Frenchmen!

[*Enter Wildfire and Clover, with a coffin, P. S.*

All. Come, bring it along, bring it along.

Bull. Here, set it down. Come, mounchair, so--- in with him, in with him, my bucks. [*Put him in.*

Riot. Now let's bury him.

Bull. No, no, we'll wrap ourselves up in sheets, wake him, and make him think we're ghosts.

All. Ay, ay, the sheets! the sheets!

[*Ex. Wildfire and Clover, O. P.*

Bull. We'll teach you, mounchair, to pocket victuals, I warrant you. What's become of the Irishman?

Riot.

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 31

Riot. He's half drunk, and fast asleep in the next room; shall we hum *him* too?

Bull. All in good time——

Enter Wildfire and Clover, O. P.

Oh, the sheets! the sheets! on with 'em, my bucks, on with 'em. Now let's range ourselves round the coffin, and put out the lights.

[*Ex. Wildfire, O. P. Clover, P. S.*

[*They all sit, Bullyboy on one side, Riot on t'other.*

They hollow, and wake Parrolles, who starts up.]

Par. Vat is de matter?

Bully. Oh!—oh!—oh!

Par. (*turns to him*) Oh! vat is dat!

Riot. Oh!—oh!—oh!

Par. (*turns*) Mon Dieu! vat sal me do? Who's dere?

Bull. Think on your sins. (*Parrolles turns.*)

Riot. Repent of your wickedness.

Par. (*turns*) Oh, gentlemens! me do tink, me do repent.

Bull. Do you know where you are?

Par. Non, monsieur. (*turns*) But, by de feel, me believe me be in de littel box.

Riot. You're in your coffin. [*Par. turns.*

Bull. You died last Thursday. [*Par. turns.*

Par. Ah, le mauvaïse plaisanterie!—Vat, I be deat? I be in my coffin?

Riot. Yes; and you are now in company with thousands of ghosts.

Par. Oh, miserecorde! me hear two tree hondred voices.

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voices. Pray, monsieur, qui etez vous? Who are you, pray, sir?

Bull. Death.

Par. Et vous, monsieur? (*turns.*)

Riot. The devil.

Par. Dat is vera strange! Goot Monsieur Deat, and Monsieur Devil, you do me de favour to shew me my logement. (*offers to rise.*)

Bull. Sit still; if you offer to rise, you'll have a thousand pitchforks in you.

Par. Oh! terrible! Vat sal I do?

Riot. Make yourself easy—rest contented—and you'll be as happy as if you were alive.

Par. Alive! Dat is von vera pretty joak! Vat, I be deat?

Bull. I tell you, Yes——Last Thursday you got drunk——

Par. Non, non, monsieur; begar, it vas to-day.

Riot. I tell you, No——'Twas last Thursday; you got drunk, lay down on a damp floor to sleep, caught cold, died, was buried, have been entranc'd, are just waken'd out of it, and are now settled with us in Purgatory.

Par. I tink I be no deat. (*feels about*) Eh, vat is dis pon mine heat? Vat is dis pon my bodies?

Bull. Your shroud.

Par. My shroud!—Ah, pauvre pecheur! Vat sal I do?

Riot. I see you are hard of belief—Lights there——

[*Lights brought on, and immediately carried off by Wild. and Clo. Re-enter immediately.*]

Par.

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 33

Par. Oh, miserecorde! 'tis vera! true; I see de ghost! I see de devile!

Bull. You're welcome to our territories.

Riot. You may command our services.

Par. Begar, dey be de civil ghost—de civil devile. I be now convinc'd dat I be deat, and dat every ting be as you say. I hope, gentlemens, I sal make myself agreeable to your conversation.

Bull. Don't you remember an Irish gentleman that was with you on Thursday!

Par. On Thursday?—Ouy, monsieur, 'twas monsieur Tipperairy.

Riot. He died at the same time you did; he was run thro' the body by an officer, for treading upon his corns, and we expect him here every moment.

Par. Oh, pauvre monsieur Tipperairy!

Bull. Poor gentleman, he died mad, and his punishment here, is to continue so. You must not mind what he says, if he should speak to you—Hush! here he comes. *(rises.)*

Enter Tipperairy, O. P.

Tip. Upon my shoul now, joy, it was the most unshivil thing in the world, to leave a man asleep by himself, without any company—Hey! the devil burn you all, what are you about? What, have you put out all the candles? or won't you light 'em for fear they should be burnt out?

Bull. Hush! hush! the lady's come.

Tip. Arra, vat lady?

E

Bull.

34 *The HUMOURS of the TURK.*

Bull. What lady! why the lady that sent you the letter just now; didn't you see it?

Tip. I don't know, my dear; if I did, I was fast asleep, and so didn't read it. *Vat was it?*

Bull. Why, the countess of Mountream has fallen desperately in love with you.

Tip. Upon my shoul, now, I don't wonder at that at all.

Bull. She has sent you this wig and coat, that her relations mayn't know you, if they see you; and desires you'd put 'em on. She'll be here in a minute or two—Now's the time to make your fortune—She's a most beautiful creature, and has twenty thousand pounds to her fortune.

Tip. By my fait, honey, I'll be about her, and her fortune too, before ever she comes.

Bull. I assure you she's a very modest, virtuous young lady, and therefore begs there may be no light.

Tip. Och, the devil a spark, joy, no more than if it was moon-light.—But what shall I say to her?

Bull. Say! why, tell her, you love her.

Tip. Upon my shoul, now, and so I do, honey.

Bull. Hush! I hear her coming. Let me lead you to her—I'll stand at your back, and tell you what to say. Here, put on this coat and wig first. (*Dresses him in the Frenchman's cloaths*) Now, this way, follow me—there—sit down.

Tip. (*sits*) Faith, this is an odd sort of a little tub I am cramm'd into.

Bull. Never mind that—There, the lady now sits before you. (*Bull. sits down by him.*)

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 35

Par. He is vera mad! Monsieur Devile, vill he no bite a me?

Riot. No, no; I'll sit by you—never fear.

Tip. Well, my dare life, and now I'm come so far to see you, what d'ye say to me? Ah! the devil a word! But I like her the better for that now—It's a sign of her modesty. Your shervant, miss. Upon my shoul, child, you're the sweetest girl I ever saw in the dark in all my life; and so, my jewel, if you'll be after putting your twenty thousand pounds in your pocket, I'll carry you into Ireland, and make you a present of the sweetest parata garden you ever clapt your eyes on. (*To Bull.*) Now, my dear life, I think I've said enough to win the affections of any countess in England.

Bull. Ay, ay, that you have, and you shall marry her directly. Here, Will Clover, step into the parlour, and bid my chaplain come this moment: if he's loath to leave his bottle, bid him bring it with him.

Tip. And, hark ye, my dare friend, Will Clover; bid him make haste and come, drunk or sober.—

[*Exit Clover, O. P.*]

Upon my shoul, blind fortune wou'd never look upon me before! But now, my dear honey jewel, I'll make you as happy as the woman that's unborn.

Enter Mortgage, listening, O. P.

Mort. Where the devil can Sir Marmaduke stay all this while? Ifaith, I shall have my daughter marry'd here, before I know where I am!

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Sir Jostle brought on a little way, O. P.

Jost. Soho ! soho ! soho !—Make haste, ye dogs ! away with me, ye rascals !—Soho !—We found her sitting—Here's her form—I told you I'd find her.

Mort. Hush ! hush ! Sir Marmaduke !—Let's listen a bit. The wench is going headlong to ruin—She's along with some Irish rascal, and is going to be marry'd directly.

Riot. Damn this rogue of a chaplain, what does he stay for ?

Tip. The devil burn his cheek now !—Och, I hear somebody coming, and perhaps they'll spoil my fortune now I've made it.

Bull. (*rises*) Come, come, damn it, take her hand, and I'll marry you myself—I'll stand parson for once.

Sir Mortgage and Jostle come forward.

Jost. Will you so, ye dog ? Will you so ?—Damme, I'll marry ye, with a devil to you ! Here, Tom, bring some lights—Set me down, ye scoundrels—Dick, fetch my blunderbuss—Bid Jowler unkennel my hounds—Tell Popwell to load all my pistols, and bid Speedwell saddle my hunters. They shan't escape, damme. (*Dick offers to go.*) Where are you going in such a hurry, ye dog ? Give me a glass of hock first, ye pimp ! ye scoundrel !—O, damn that twinge !—Oh, zoons ! zoons !

Enter a Servant with lights.

Bucks. Ha ! ha ! ha !—A high hum, damme !

Bull.

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Bull. Ha! ha! ha!—Old potatoe-face, why don't you marry the lady?

Tip. Och, upon my shoul, honeys now, I'll marry ye all in a moment. (*rises*) The devil fire my cheek, but I'll hum ye to some tune—(*Drives off the bucks, O. P.*) And for you, Monsieur Parolles, by the sweet lips of my shelelah, I'll rowl you up into a loaf of tobacco—ye French Flandre-kin! [*Offers to strike, servant's bold him.*]

Par. Et verite, Monsieur Tipperairy, it was no my fault! De gentlemens dey con here, dey play de ghost and de devile vid me!—Je vous demande pardon—but it vas no my fault.

Jest. Why, Sir Samuel, we've made a fine spot of work on't!—We're got upon a wrong scent here, —We're thrown out, damme!

Mort. Ay, ay, we've turn'd to the wrong page. Ifaith, we have, and my poor girl, by this, may be ruin'd. What's to be done?

Tip. I'll tell you what shall be done, my jewel—I find they have humm'd Monsieur as well as myself—So, d'ye see, Monsieur, you shall take shelelah, (*gives him his stick*) and I'll take little sweet-lips here, and we'll find 'em out, and hum them longer than we can stand over 'em. Come under my arm, Monsieur, and we'll soon find them.

[*Takes the Frenchman by the arm.*]

Par. Non, non, Monsieur, I will no go to de gentlemens.

Tip. Not go! by Shaint Patrick, my dare, if you won't

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won't go, I'll carry you; and if you won't be carried---I'll beat you till you can't carry yourself.

Par. Oh, Monsieur, I will go vere you please.

Tip. Then I'll follow you, and shew you the way. *[Exeunt, O. P.]*

Mort. Dear Sir Marmaduke, think a little about this affair; you seem as indifferent as if nothing had happen'd, ifaith you do.

Jest. Why, old boy, I was thinking of an affair of much the same kind, which happen'd about ten years ago---I was thrown out in much the same manner---Got upon a wrong scent. I'll tell you how it was. Sir George Spring, took over Gaffer Stack's five acres; I gave Bald Jack the whip, and presently was after him. Sir George finding me close at his heels, laid hard to; gave whip and spur, and clear'd old Stack's bar hedge, a damn'd deep ditch o't'other side: I never stood shilly-shally, but over I went; Bald Jack leapt short tho', and down we both came. Lord Canter follow'd me, and Bob Bridle the huntsman was with him; they both clear'd the hedge, but leapt short, and came rattling down---Damme, 'twas high sport---Bob got no hurt, but Lord Canter graz'd his shins damnably; dislocated his left shoulder, and knock'd out three of his teeth---I came off with flying colours tho'---broke nothing but my collar-bone. Now as soon as I got home---

Mort. Pshaw! What's all this to my daughter?

Jest. Oh, damn it! damn it!---Zoons, Sir, what's your daughter to my gout? Oh, my foot!

my

The HUMOURS of the TURF. 39

my foot! my foot!—Oh!—Zoons!—The rascal has not beat up my cushion—Wipe the sweat off my face, ye scoundrel—see how the rascal stirs—

Mort. Come, come, don't be so warm, compose yourself—Who comes here, Sir Marmaduke?

Jost. Oh, 'tis my graceless dog of a son; but who are these with him?

Enter Captain, Clara, and Jenny, O. P.

Mort. My daughter and her maid. Ah! my pretty renegade! have I caught you? but tell me, Clara, are you ruin'd? tell me, my child, are you married, or no?

Capt. Sir, I'm given to understand, my father and you, have consented to make us happy. Our hearts have been long united, and nothing now is wanting to complete our felicity, but the indulgence of your blessing

Mort. Then, bless you together, with all my heart. Why, this is as it shou'd be, Sir Marmaduke.

Jost. Yes, yes, I knew matters wou'd come right at last. Come hither, children: (*they kneel*) Bless you! bless you! ye young rogues! Foregad she's a tight thing, and clean made—sound wind and limb, I warrant her. Gad I'm overjoy'd; I'll go home and prepare for your reception. I'll keep open house for a month, and have a bonfire made shall out last the honey-moon. If you don't get me a grandson, within these nine months, I'll disinherit you, you dog. Up with me, Sirrah!—away with me,

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me, rascals! *(they raise him)* I'll lay you—Do you hear, Sir Samuel!—I'll lay you five hundred pounds to one that I name the day—O, blood and fire, ye dogs, what a jolt you gave me there!—Set me down, ye villians! set me down!—O, curse that confounded twinge!—Oh, there it goes all up my leg—Oh, zoons! zoons! *(coughs)* Like to have gone that bout, Sir Samuel—So, so, pretty well, pretty well—Away with me now, before t'other fit comes on! *(they raise him)* Remember, Sir Samuel, I'm to have the care of the first child—You'll all follow—hey!—Away, ye dogs! away!—Hark forward there—Yoicks! yoicks!—*(carried off.)*

[Exit Mort.]

Capt. Come, my dear Clara, let's follow the old gentlemen; partake of the customary revels on these occasions, and then for the enjoyment of our honest wishes: but first this moral to the world we give,

*Still to anticipate domestic strife,
Each fair shou'd chuse the partner of her life,
Nor be directed by a partial voice,
Where happiness depends so much on choice.*



T H E E N D.

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